

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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GAINESBORO, TENN., THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1918

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Jackson County Boys Face Death for YOU--What have YOU DONE FOR THEM--Answer with BONDS

Wirt T. Hughes Has Several Narrow Escapes.

The following letter shows the fighting spirit of our boys in France. He has gone into the very jaws of death and come out unharmed. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Hughes of Defeated R-1, and volunteered in October 1917.

Somewhere in France,
Dear mother and father:

I will write you after a long absence. I am well and hope you are all the same. The reason I have not wrote sooner is, I have been on the battle front. I guess you noticed in the papers the heavy drive on the 18th-19th of July. It sure was heavy. We took a large number of prisoners.

I am glad I am in the Marine corps. They sure do fight I have been on the different fronts and it is sure exciting. The bursting of shells make you feel bad when you first go out, but you soon get use to it. I have had several narrow escapes, but made it safely every time. I saw Sherman Sircy the day before we went in battle, and I think he was wounded. That was the information I got from his Co.

Guess they are taking several boys in the draft over there now.

Write me often and tell all the news. I have not received a letter from you all since have been in France. Give everybody my best regards.

The Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. are sure nice to us, by furnishing candy, tobacco, and other eats. We always receive them, so keep them up.

Will write as often as I can. Sometimes it may be 2 months before you hear from me, but don't get uneasy.

Your son,

Wirt Hughes,
78th Co. 6th Regiment,
U. S. Marine Corps.

Buy Bonds for our boys who fight for you.

Somewhere in France,
Sept. 10, 1918.

Dear father and mother:

I will now write you a few lines to let you know how I am feeling fine today. Hope this letter will find you all well.

I am working every day. I have already signed the pay roll, and am looking for a two months check.

How much fodder did you get saved? I wish I had been there and helped you.

France is a fine place. I like it well. There is plenty of pretty girls, but none that beats Little Rock, Ark. I may pick me up a good looking girl there on my way home some sweet day.

I have got me a bicycle and have a big time on Sundays. Have fine pike roads all over France, so far as I have been.

I suppose the big meetings are all over by now.

It has been raining here for two days, but has cleared off some now. Think will have some more pretty weather.

Well father how are my cattle and hogs? Don't worry about me for I am alright. Tell all my friends hello for me.

Write to me often.

Your son,

Pvt. Jordan Lovelady,
Co. 3, J. A. R. D.
A. P. O. 762 A. E. F.
Via New Jersey.

Upchurch Makes It Hot For The Boche--At Front 63 Days.

Somewhere in France,
Sept. 8, 1918.

Dear friend:

I thought I would write you a few lines. I am all O. K. and hope these few lines will find you the same.

I was in the trenches 63 days, and we sure made it hot for the Boche.

France is a pleasant and healthy country.

I haven't heard from any one back there since I have been in France, so you can guess how bad I want to hear from some one at home, for a letter from home is what cheers the soldiers. Answer soon.

Your friend,
James B. Upchurch.
Co. G. 6th Inf.
A. E. F. France.

Buy Bonds Like Our Boys Fight.

Praise Red Cross, Y. M. C. A.

Somewhere in France,
Sept. 8, 1918.

Friends Tardy and Bain:

It has only been a few days since I wrote you, but just at present I have a little time, and will write you a few more lines. I think that the other letter was written not in France, but in England, and of course all know there is lots more doing in France than in any other place just now. France is sure a beautiful country. It has the right name, "Sunny France". This is considered the prettiest month of the year here.

Very soon after I came over I was transferred out of the Infantry to the Intelligence School, which is very interesting. I could not have fell in a branch of the service that I would have liked better. I am at present quartered in an old French home a few miles from a city with about one hundred thousand population. Most all in this place are from Ohio and New York. They are all good fellows.

I haven't seen or heard of a Jackson county fellow over here. I wish I could run in to one. I would like to have the paper, maybe some of them write to you and I could get their address that way.

If you could see the good the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. are doing over here, you could very readily see that all those things you and the people of Jackson county did last spring were not in vain. It is beyond description to see the real good they both do. I have seen train loads of wounded soldiers go by from the front with every window bearing the Red Cross sign. That is one of the big things they are doing, as well as many others.

I have to write when I can as I am all the time busy. Will write you more some time. Send me the paper, for it would look good to me, as I desire to know what all are doing at home.

With best regards to everybody in Jackson county, would like to hear from any of you.

Yours,

A. M. Pate,
Division Intelligence School
A. E. F. France A. P. O. 762.

The Sentinel is anxious to print letters from our soldiers.

The parents, relatives or friends receiving letters should send them to this office.

On Battle Front 3 Months. Has Hot Time.

Somewhere in France,
Aug. 25, 1918.

Dear parents:

You will please excuse me for not answering your letter sooner, but I think I have a lawful excuse. I have been on the front almost all the time for the last three months, and some of the time it was pretty hot business.

I haven't received but one letter since I came over, and it was the one you registered, or perhaps I wouldn't have got it. This mail business has got me cheated. I am glad you have been getting my letters, for you know that I am all O. K. and I trust you are the same.

Where is the boss now. Has he moved to his farm? If John is around where you see him tell him I would not object to him answering my letter. Is W. C. still down around Nashville, or is he at home now? Tell Clyde she might as well write and tell me some of the happenings among my female friends.

Tell everybody I am still alive and will continue to live until further orders.

With much love for all I remain your devoted son.

Newton M. Moss.

Mr. Moss' parents live on Sugar Creek, Gainesboro R-2. He been in service over a year, and in France 7 months.

Somewhere in France,
Aug. 28, 1918.

Dear Comer:

I will drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well and getting on all O. K. I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you, a fellow away over here is always anxious to hear from friends at home.

Have you ever received my policy, or anything showing that I have my life insured in the Government? I have it insured and I thought perhaps by this time they had sent you something to show for it.

I got the money that you sent. Write to me as often as you can for I am always glad to get mail from home.

Your brother,
L. E. Stafford
Hq. Co. 6th U. S. Inf.
A. E. F. France.

Camp Merritt, N. J.
Sept. 26, 1918.

Dear Editor:

I left Gainesboro Sept. 6th, and went to Camp Wadsworth, Spartansburg, S. C., arriving there Sept. 8th. I was feeling blue, but after staying there a short time become better contented. From that camp I came here. I like it fine here. We have plenty to eat and a good place to sleep. The officers are kind to us at all times, and do all they can to help each one.

I desire to say this about the Red Cross, there is nothing like it. On the way here they met us at every large station and give us postal cards, apples, hot coffee, which we sure enjoyed.

We crossed the great Potomac river, which all of the school kids have read of, and on thru the city of Washington. We did not get to see much of it as we did not stay very long.

I would like to be at home, but we boys will not come until we march home with Old Glory

Henry Trisdale Has No Fear Of The Huns Bullets.

Somewhere in France,
Aug. 10, 1918.

My dear cousin:

When I received your letter I was preparing to go to the front, and have been delayed in answering. I have just come from the front and I could tell you some real interesting war news, if I could see you. You may know that I met with great success by being able to answer your letter, and hope to be telling you all the war news soon. I guess you are getting a great deal of war news from the papers, and I am sure the papers looks good to you folks back home. You know I can't tell you any interest about the war.

I received those pictures. They sure do look good to me. It brings back memory of days gone by, that I hope to recall again in the near future. Really I don't think the Huns have a bullet with my number on it.

Well it is getting late I will stop. Wish you all good luck and happiness.

Your cousin,
Henry Trisdale.

Sunday A. M.
Sept. 1, 1918.

My dear mother;

Received your letter yesterday and was so glad to hear from you. I also received the present you sent and sure intend to keep it until I return, and from the present outlook it seems that we are all going to get to come home in the near future.

Of course I can't tell you anything about the war, but I suppose you are getting plenty of news from the papers.

Mother I have no news, more than I am getting along fine and enjoying life, and so long as I am well you need not worry about me. I would send you a present in return for the one you sent me, but I am not allowed to send souvenirs, of allied countries, so I will just wait and bring you one when I come.

You said you were having a protracted meeting. Of course I would enjoy being there to go, but we have services here.

I am sleeping with one of the boys from home, Harley Richardson, and we are having a good time together, so don't worry about me one minute, for we are going to get the Germans.

Your son,
Henry Trisdale.

waving above us. We must, and will play our part in this great war.

This is enough of this, as it is so scattered. Will write again.
Ernest C. Jenkins.
Co. E. 5th Pioneer Inf.

William Tate Thinks There is Nothing Like Army Life.

Camp Sheridan, Ala.
Oct. 1, 1918.

Dear Editor:

If you will allow two soldier boys a little space in your paper, will give you some of the experience we have had in army life.

There isn't anything that beats army life. It makes a man of any boy that happens to the good (continued on page 2)

Encel Chaffin Ready To Suppress The Huns.

Somewhere in France,
Aug. 21, 1918.

Dear Brother;

One year ago today, I was there with you enjoying the unsurpassed pleasures of home life, and in spite of all my wondering and dreams of this war in which I, along with other of our boy friends was about to enter. I hardly expected that I would, one year from then, be equally as well and able to enjoy life's pleasures as I was then, but I am and especially thankful of it.

My dreams of battles in which I was to soon take a part are as yet unrealized and time continues to speed by with very little excitement; our daily routine being very little changed from what it was eight months ago, only that we feel better able to play the game when the supreme moment comes, and when it does come, if ever, I'm glad to say that I'm with a bunch of loyal Tennesseans who are anxious to do their bit to suppress the Hun. If Frits gets in front of the gun, on which I'm second gunner, he is more than likely to get a few dozen bullet holes thru his grey coat. My number one is quite accurate, having made a record of twenty-six out of thirty thru the bullseye at a distance of six hundred yards at the rate of seven shots per second. For closer protection we carry the 45 colts automatic, and cherish it very much.

A few German planes came over today, but received such a warm reception that they cut their visit short, and beat a hasty retreat back to more comfortable quarters. They seem so busily engaged at home that it must be quite a treat to come over at all now. The tide has turned and they are now taking their medicine out of a more bitter spoon than the one which they at first gave the allies. While I sit here writing I can see an allied plane flying back and forth thru the thick black smoke of hundreds of German shells, which have all been fired in vain.

The fields here are golden with ripening grain, which is fast yielding to the scythe, such as our grandfathers made and used. Men aged and gray, worn by the toil of many summers, women and children toiling from morn till night in the fields, forms a picture of war very impressing on ones mind. Along the roads winding beneath the shades of the elm, lie the ruins of some hamlet, from which the occupants have fled, leaving behind necessities of life, their beautiful little farms and most of all their home—a place so dear to us all—to be battered by German shells until the red tile and straw roof tumble with the brick wall into a worthless heap of dust beyond restoration. Father up you see numerous shell holes, or nearer craters often, and here and there a small wooden cross marking the grave of some soldier who has given his life for the cause which means so much to the world. The cause for which we are all ready to give our lives, if needs be.

As I sit here writing I can

hear the constant rumble of the big guns, the earth trembles and sways beneath us as tho a heavy thunder storm were coming on. The rumble of the guns greeted us before sunrise this morning. I've had supper now, and they are still hammering away at the Hun. A "Tommy" passes by coming from the front and tells us of progress all along the line. Soon we may be able to camp and rest peacefully on the soil which was in German hands or "no-man's-land" less than a week ago. Germany may in a few days time, loose strong points, which she has struggled four long weary years to gain, sacrificing thousands of lives, all for the ambitions of their Kaiser. He must know that he is playing a fast losing game. The American soldier has met on the battlefield of the world the picked troops of the Kaiser, put them to riot, and gained a decisive victory, which may mean the molding of nations, and in connection with our allies the salvation of future generations.

Above all the noise and horrors of war rise the sweet soft notes of the Scotch bagpipers, the melodious notes of some Englishman singing songs of buds and flowers, and far in the distance the band of some American unit sends up the cherishing and grand old tune "Dixie," always closing by playing the "Star Spangled Banner," to which every "Sammie" clicks his heels and salutes. We thus see in spite of all war there is, love, joy, and smiles to greet every one who will only look for pleasure. There is always a child along the road when you tired and weary to greet you with a smile and "boryour-Monsieur, to give you flowers or to amuse you by following "Souvinere," "souvinere" "souvinere" like newly wound graphone.

Thirty-two of us had the honor of being reviewed by the King of England during his tour along the front and his compliment was "A fine lot of chaps," besides he stopped and told us of the heroic work of some of his machine gunners, which was quite encouraging. He wore a military uniform and did not display an air of royal highness, nor seem so dignified as one would expect of a person bearing his title. King George was accompanied by field marshal Haig and a number of other very prominent men.

I see Jackson county boys occasionally, and they all seem to be getting on quite well. We are all proud of dear old Jackson county, and it gives us much joy to know that the people there are taking so much interest in Liberty Bonds, Thrift Stamps and Red Cross work. We shall constantly strive to live up to all expected of us, and to prove that we too are doing all in our power toward winning this war.

Encel A. Chaffin,
A. P. O. 749.

Cumberland River Farm for Sale, 160 acres, more or less; 90 acres in one bottom; two residences, barns and out-buildings to care for all things raised on farm everlasting water runs through farm. Price \$20,000 for quick sale. Apply to W. G. Montgomery, Hartsville, Tenn.